

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, May 8. 1708.

AND now, Gentlemen of *Britain*, we are a going to choose Parliament Men, shall I tell you a Story?

A certain Man, in a certain Country, at a certain Time, 'tis no matter *Who, Where, or When*, for that is not material to the Story; had a useful Cur, a Dog of Quality, a *large Shock-Dog*, who was his peculiar Favourite; this Gentleman, whether a Lord, or a Sir E——, or what, is not much Matter, being willing to prefer this Dog according to the Respect he had for him, he propos'd to several of his Acquaintance his Desire of doing something for the

Honour of his Favourite; it was not long they consulted about this Matter, when it occur'd to one of the Gentlemen, that was, it seems of his Council, that there was to be at their Town quickly an Election of Representatives or Deputies, or some such Sort of Folk, whether they call'd them Aldermen or Parliament Men, or what they call'd them in that Country, I do not determine.

The Gentleman rises up in a Warmth, my Lord, says he, I have an Opportunity to serve you at this Time extremely to your Satisfaction, for in our Town the Election is to be about 40 Days hence, and if your

your Lordship will but use your Interest for Mr. *Shock*, we will all choose him.

I would be glad to have poor *Shock* chosen, says my Lord, and doubt not but he would represent the Town very well too; but there is Sir T—— and Sir H—— stand for the Town already, and I doubt we shall never carry it.

No Matter for that, says the Townsman, if your Lordship says the Word, I know *Shock* is rich, and if your Lordship will but come among us a little, and spend a little Money, we'll make a good Party for him; and your Lordship's Recommendation, but especially some Cash, will do it presently.

What, whether they see him or no, says my Lord?

Ay, ay, if it be said it is but a Dog of your Lordship's sending, we'll drink them into the rest, says the Gentleman; it will do admirably well, says my Lord, I am only afraid of the Milcarriage, I would not baulk the Cur, for he is but a young R——e.

Gent. Never fear that, my Lord; if *Shock* will but bleed a little freely, Money and Ale will choose any Body.

Lord. Well, but says my Lord, what have the other Gentlemen done, how stands their Interest?

Gent. Hang their Interest, says the other, they are not worth choosing.

Lord. Why, they are both very honest Gentlemen, I doubt, *Shock* will never carry it.

Gent. They are honest Gentlemen enough; I don't say against it, but they won't spend their Money; 'tis he that will spend his Money is the honest Man with us, and we judge by a good Rule too.

Lord. Pray, what Rule do you judge by?

Gent. My Lord, we judge by our Sences of seeing, feeling and tasting, all which are affected by our Way of choosing; whereas those that pretend to choose by Men's Vertues and Quallifications, take them unsight, unseen, and at best they do but hear of them at a Distance, and when they come to make Trial of them, your Lordship's *Shock Dog* would have done every Jot as much Service in publick Affairs.

Lord. Well, I am like some of your Candidates, I care not whether *Shock* does any Good in the H—— or no, so he be but chosen; let us talk of choosing him, and let *Shock* alone to tell you his Quallifications afterwards.

Gent. I agree with your Lordship in that Case too, we value his Quallifications as little as your Lordship; 'tis the Affair of choosing that belongs to us, and I am ready to enter into a Discourse with your Lordship about that, whenever you please.

Lord. Well, and what's the first Question then you will ask about it?

Gent. A plain Question, my Lord, How much Money will my Lord *Shock* spend among us, or give us, for it's all one?

Lord. I'll discourse with *Shock* about it, and you shall have my Answer next Time You and I meet.

And

And now, Gentlemen, to satisfy your Curiosity about the *Who*, the *Where*, and the *When*, &c. you may understand, that some Years ago having an Occasion to make an Experiment about going up to the Moon, and having found an Engine call'd a Consolidator, which being most ingeniously compos'd by a Sort of Workmen call'd TACKERS, and having by a singular *High-Flying* Elevation rais'd my self up into the Lunar Regions, and made there many useful Observations; some of which I gave you an Account of at my Return in a little Book worth no Body's reading, call'd also the *Consolidator*, or a *Voyage to the Moon*; to be Sold by those Booksellers that have it.

I say, being arriv'd in these Lunar Regions, and having made a great many useful Observations, one of them was, that in that Country I observ'd, there were just such Sort of Doings as there is here; the People were just as they are here, *half K—s*, *half F—s*, and *half* such as thought themselves wiser than they were; that their Governments were manag'd just as in this World, some Despotick, some Republick, some Aristocratick, some Democratick, and all Tyrannick; every one pretended to Right and to Liberty, and to publick Good, and made loud Noises of their unbiass'd Justice, disinterested Aetings, and vast Moderation, and yet were all fighting and snarling for Dominion over one another.

Among the rest, I found one Nation of People, just like one you

have heard of, and they were govern'd by their own Laws, had the giving of their own Money, and sometimes had the Humour of bullying and insulting their own Sovereign, and Abundance of ill Uses and good Uses they daily made of a certain long-coveted, ill-apply'd, little-understood Thing, they call'd by a long hard Word in their Language, TRYBELITRYPEROP, being as well as I could translate it, something like what we call *Liberty* and *Property*.

It is true, they had a Monarch govern'd them, but they always refused to commit this choice Affair to his keeping, but chose a certain Number of People out of their wise Men, *not but that now and then a weak Brother got into the Assembly too*, to represent the rest, and to whom they solemnly entrusted the keeping this Chary Jewel; and this Assembly being frequently renew'd, it happen'd they were just preparing to choose them as I came into the Country.

I observ'd Abundance of Strife and Contention about this Work, bribing, buying and selling Voices, and all Manner of illegal Practices, almost as bad as we use here; and being surpriz'd to find such wild Doings amongst them, which I thought had been a wise People, I could not but take Minutes of what I observ'd there; one Part of which you have above, and some of the rest you may hear of speedily, according as this pleases you.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL those, who have Debts due from King William, King James, and King Charles, since the Restauration, for which no Provision hath been hitherto made by the Government, are desir'd to come to the *Star Coffee-house* in *Downing Street* near *Whitehall*, any *Tuesday* or *Fryday* in the Afternoon; where Preparation is made for Proposals to the ensuing Parliament, of such Funds as will no way Clogg her Majesty's Revenues nor burth in the Subject by any Tax; but will on the Contrary be very grateful to her most Sacred Majesty, who (as we are fully Assur'd) is very desirous that these Debts should be paid; and it is hoped that what is design'd to be offer'd will be satisfactory to the Parliament. To the end therefore that an Account may be perfectly taken of every particular Person's Demands from the Government; The Persons concern'd are desir'd to come or send their Claim, that an Exact Scrutiny may be made therein, and a Register kept, how and upon what Account the said Debt became due, and to whom it is descended at this time; that it may be ready to be produced to the Parliament, who will be fully satisfy'd in every particular; both as to Quantity and Quality, before they make any Proceedings. To the end therefore that all Matters may be in a Readiness, and that the Proceedings may be with generall Approbation and Consent, this Meeting is appointed by some of the Persons concern'd, where Those who live at a distance may appear by their Friends.

THE famous GOUT ANTIDOTE, that by Bathing only has lately cured so many Persons afflicted with the most violent Raging Pains of the Gout and Rheumatism, restoring them to Compleat and perfect Ease, to a miracle, (as will be attested at Mr. Akcrafts, one of the Places of Sale), and that hath been experienc'd by thousands who have been cured by it, to be the only Remedy capable to give present Relief in the utmost Extremity, or almost distracting Torturing Pains of the Gout and Rheumatism, when all other means have been used in vain: It most infallibly takes away all manner of Pain in less than half an Hours time to admiration; and not only takes off a Fit for the present, but also prevents it returning again, and most certainly keeps the Gout from the Stomach. Is Sold only at Mr. Akcraft's Toy-Shop, at the Blue Coat Boy against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, and at Mr. Brook's, Stationer, at the Ship near the May-Pole in the Strand, at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.



BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd So Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

Thomas Pritchard, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near *St. Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker, of *Lawrence-Polneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spiries, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son P. Bartlett lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.